

A JUNE DAY.

The dew is on the meadow, where
 the clover blossom swings;
 The strawberry hides in the grass
 so lush and tall,
 And over it a wee little drunken
 birdie sings,
 The soul of the music and the
 gladness of it all.
 Bob-o-link, bob-o-link, dink-a-dink,
 a-dink-a-dink!
 O-dear-ic, be cheery, be cheery,
 be cheery!
 Mar-jor-ic, Mar-jor-ic, here's where
 the robins drink,
 Bob-o-link — bob-o-link — dink-a-
 da nkle, dink.

Brown bees and yellow bees mur-
 mur in the locust trees,
 The flicker takes the other side
 the hickories we pass by;
 And up on the topmost bough, a
 swinging in the breeze,
 The flame-coated oriole whistles
 wild and high.
 And the lonely white throat chants
 his plaintive monotone,—
 Chee-chee-chee-chee, Mar-jor-ic,
 Mar-jor-ic.
 Bird notes falling seemingly out
 of the blue sky,
 Pea-bod-y, pea-bod-y, pea-bod-y,
 far away and alone.

Half way over the long, low Catar-
 aquí bridges,
 That make the marsh roadway,
 curving round the bay,
 Lace winged dragon flies, and
 clouds of silver midges
 Sparkle in the sun like the starry
 Milky-Way;
 While the hoarse throated grackle,
 like a rusty hinged gate,
 Ajar in the wind, sings out of
 tune and harsh,
 His creaking love song, to his husky
 dusky mate:
 Gur-gle, gur-gle, dunk! croak
 the bull frogs in the marsh.

K. S. McL.

CARLO: THE STORY OF A DOG.

Carlo was a Spaniel; he was brought out from Ireland for a farmer in Wellington County. One day his master took him into town, and a gentleman was so attracted by his good looks, that the farmer sold the dog to him. Carlo was taken to his new home, and tied to the table leg, until he should become acquainted with his new surroundings.

He had been with the new master only a week, when he disappeared, but was soon brought back; after remaining a month, he again went back to his former home. In the meantime his master got another dog, and when Mr. Carlo was brought back for the second time, he found Mr. Collie installed in his place. Carlo was so jealous of Collie, that he decided to run away no more.

In time these two dogs became great friends, and were the mortal foes of all the dogs in the neighborhood. In a fight, Carlo did all the barking, and when Collie was fighting valiantly, he would bite the offender's tail, taking good care to keep out of the way of the other dog's teeth. Carlo's manœuvres were most comical to see, like Uncle Remus' "Brer Rabbit" at the house building. he made a great deal of noise without doing much work, and thought he ought to have all the credit.

Carlo was an educated dog, going to school regularly every day. If one told him he was an old humbug, he would sleepishly hang his head; but he would jump up and frisk about when you said he was a good old boy, so that he seemed to understand enough of the English language to know whether he was praised or made fun of.

Carlo would submit to all sorts of ridiculous treatment from the chil-